The Great Consorvation Novel

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It was again dusk as he rode up to has a on bladung pote and slipped from

Wetherford came out, indicating by his manner that he had recovered his body had to lend a hand. I couldn't considence once more. "How did you find things in the valley?" he inquired as they walked away toward the cor-

"Bad," responded the ranger. "In what way?"

"The chief has been dismissed, and all the ruscals are chuckling with glee. I've resigned from the service."

Wetherford was aghast. "What for?" "I will not serve under any other chief. The best thing for you to do is to go out when I do. I think by keeping on that uniform you can get to the train with me."

"Did you see Lize and my girl?" "No; I only remained in town a urfaute. It was too hot for me. I'm done with it. Wetherford, I'm going back to civilization. No more wild west for me." The bitterness of his voice touched the older man's heart, but he con-

sidered it merely a mood. "Don't lose your nerve. Meles this cont and started for the door. "It's ends the reign of terror."

"Nothing will end the meral shiftlessness of this country but the death of the freebooter. That job was done by men who hated the dagoes hated 'em because they were rival claimanta for the range. It's nonsense to at-tempt to fasten it on mean-like Nefil Bajard. The men who did that plece of work are well known stock owners."

"I recken that's so." "Well, now, who's going to convict tem? I can't do it. I'm going to pull as soon as I can put my books in hape, and you'd better go too."

They were standing at the gate of the corral, and the rour of the mountaln stream enveloped them in a cloud

Wetherford spoke slowly: "I hate to but I guess you're right. And Lize, poor old critter! It's a shame the way I've queered her life, and I'd give my right arm to be where I was twelve years ago, but with a price on my head and old age coming on I don't see my-

self ever again gotting up to par. It's a losing game for me now."

There was resignation as well as it, but he said: "There's one other questhat Basque died of smallpox you may possibly take it."

"I've figured on that, but it will take a day or two to show on me. I don't hills beyond all things else and who feel any ache in its 'sones yet. If I do come down you . . p away from was a sad place for one who desired me. You've got to live and take care of Virginia."

"She should never have returned to as accursed country," Cavanagh barshly replied, starting back toward the cabin.

The constable, smoking his pipe beside the firepince, did not present an anxious face. On the contrary, he seemed plumply content as he replied to the ranger's greeting. He represented very well the type of officer which these disorderly communities produce. Brave and tireless when working along the line of his prejudices, he could be most laxly inefficient when his duties cut across his own or his neighbor's Interests. Being a cuttieman by training, he was glad of the red herring which the Texas officer had trailed across the line of his pur-

This attitude still further inflamed Cavanagh's indignant hate of the country. The theory which the deputy developed was transparent folly. "It was just a case of plain robbery," he argued. "One of them dagoes had money, and Nelli Ballard and that man Edwards just naturally follered him and killed the whole bunch and scooted. That's my guess."

An hour later the sound of a horse's hoofs on the bridge gave warning of a visitor, and as Cavanagh went to the door Gregg rode up, seeking particulars as to the death of the herder and the whereabouts of the sheep.

The ranger was not in a mood to in vite the sheepman in, and, besides, he perceived the danger to which Wetherford was exposed; therefore his answers were short. Gregg, on his part, did not appear anxious to enter.

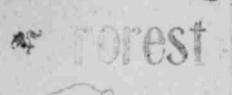
"What i appened to that old hobe !

sent up? he asked.

Cavanie h briefly retold his story, and at the end of it Gregg grunted. "You say you burned the tent and all the

"Every thread of it. It wasn't safe to leave it."

"What alled the man?" "I don't know, but it looked and smelled like smallpox."





Cavanagh did not spare him. "Somesee bim die there alone, and he had to be buried, so I did the job."

Gregg recoiled a step or two, but the depacy stood staring, the implication of all this stuking deep. "Were you wearing the same clothes you've got

"Yes, but I used a sticker while working around the body." "Good king!" The sweat broke out

on the man's face. "You ought to be sexpected." Ross took a step toward him. "I'm at your service."

"Keep off!" shouted the sheriff. Ross smiled, then became very serious. "I took every precaution, Mr. Deputy. I destroyed everything that could possibly carry the disease. I burned every utensii, including the saddle-everything but the man's horse and his dog."

The officer caught up his hat and me for the open air," said he,

As the men withdrew Ross followed them and, standing in his door, delivered his final volley. "If this state does not punish those flends every decent man should emigrate out of it, turning the land over to the wolves, the wildcats and other beasts of prey."

Gregg as he retreated called back: "That's wall right, Mr. Ranger, but you'd better keep to the hills for a few weeks. The settlers down below won't enjoy having a man with smallpox chassaying around town. They might rope and the you"

Wetherford came out of his hiding place with a grave face. "They're right about our staying clear of town," said Cavanagh.

"They'll quarantine us sure." Wetherford now that the danger of grimly humorous. "There's no great loss without some small gain. I don't think we'll be troubled by any more visitors, not even by sheriffs or doctors. I reckon you and I are in for a couple of months of the dulet life-the

kind we read about." Cavanagh now that he was definitety out of the forest service perceived despair in his voice, and Cavanagh felt the weight of every objection which his friends and relatives had made tion that may come up for decision. If against his going into it. It was a lonely life and must ever be so. It was all very well for a young unmarried man who loved the woods and could wait for advancement, but it

a wife. The ranger's place was on the trail and in the hills, and to bring a woman into these high sliences, into these lone reaches of forest and fell. would be cruei. To bring children into them would be criminal.

All the next day, while Wetherford pottered about the cabin or the yard, Cavanagh toiled at his papers, resolved to leave everything in the perfect order which he loved. Whenever he looked round upon his belongings, each and all so redolent of the wilderness, he found them very dear. His chairs, which he had rived out of stabs; his guns, his robes, his saddles and their acconterments all meant much to "Some of them must go with

me," he said, "and when I am settled down in the old home I'll have one room to myself which shall be so completely of the mountain America that when I am within it'I can faucy myself back in the camp."

He thought of South Africa as a possthillty and put it aside, knowing well that no other place could have the same indefinable charm that the Rocky mountains possessed for the reason impressionable age. Then, too, the United States, for all its faults, seemed merely an extension of the English form of go ernment.

Wetherford was also moving in deep thought and at last put his perplexity into a question. "What am I to do? I'm beginning to feel queer. I recken the chances for my having smallpox are purty fair. Maybe I'd better drop down to Sulphur and report to the authorities. I've got a day or two before the blossoms will begin to show on me."

Cavanagh studied him closely. "Now, don't get to thinking you've got it. I don't see how you could attach a The high altitude and the winds up there ought to prevent infection. I'm not afraid for mysel but if you're able perhaps we'd better

pull out tomorrow." Later in the day Wetherford express

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der. Pin ar maker his transity he can Perde ora part regula P. Joseph City in march of the problem of the will be man, swo one't agey here! - Min. ing up to leave. Your only ellance of gettime with of the country is to app when I go and in my company," Ills vuice was hersit and toon, and the old The deputy rose with a spring, thun fell its edge, but be made up to "Runifpor: You didn't handle the ply, and this sad stience moved the sungh to reprotunce. His irritability warned him of something deepty changing in his own nature.

Approaching the broading felon, he spoke gently and sadly. "I'm sorry for you, Wetherford, I sure am, but It's up to you to get clear away so that Lee will never by any possible chance find out that you are allve. She has a romantic notion of you as a representative of the old time west, and it would be a drendful shock to her if she knew you as you are. It's hard to leave her, I know, now that you've sign after promising to come." She seen her, but that's the manly thing to do-the only thing to do."

"Oh, you're right-of course you're and despair. right. But I wish I could be of some use to her. I wish I could kind of keep if you're going to take her"-

"But I'm not," protested Ross. "I'm take ber."

Wetherford looked at him with stendy eyes, into which a keen light leaped. "Don; you intend to marry but the day passed and another with-

Ross turned away. "No; I don't. I mean it is impossible." "Why not? Don't tell me you're already married?" He said this with menacing tone.

"No; I'm not married, but"- He plain. "I'm going to leave the country since she no longer had a part in the stopped without making his meaning and"-

Wetherford caught him up. "I reckon I understand what you mean. You do. He really, here Cavanagh no ill. consider Lize and me undesirable par will and was, indeed, shrewd enough ents not just the kind you'd cut out of to understand that Lee admired the the berd of your own free will. Well, ranger and that his own courtship was that's all right. I don't blame you so rather hopeless. Nevertheless he perfar as I'm concerned. But you can fot- sisted, his respect for her growing as get me-consider me a dead one. I'll he found her steadfast in her refusal never bother her nor you."

Cavanagh threw out an impatient back to my own people."

Wetherford was thoroughly roused now. Some part of his old time fire asm he added, "How is she tonight?" seemed to return to him. He rose from his chair and approached the ranger firmly. "I've seen you act like a man, Ross Cavanagh. You've been a good partner these last few days-a son couldn't have treated me better-and hate to think ill of you. But my girl loves you-I could see that. I could see her lean to you."

Ross said slowly: "It will be hard for you to understand when I fell you that I care a great deal for your daughter, but a man like me an Englishman -cannot marry, or he ought not to marry-for himself alone. There are so many others to consider-his friends, his sisters"-

Wetherford dropped his hand, "I see!" His tone was despairing. "When I was young we married the girls we loved in defiance of everything. But you are not that kind. You may be right. I'm nothing but a debilitated old cowpuncher branded by the statea man who threw away his chancebut I can tell you straight I've learned known." that nothing but the love of a woman counts."

In the meantime Lee Virginia waited With increasing impatience for Ross Cavanagh's return, expecting each noon to see him appear at the door. But when three days passed without word or sign from him her uneasiness deepened into alarm. The whole town was profoundly excited like silk." over-the murder, that she knew, and she began to fear that some of the ranger's enemies had worked their evil will upon him.

With this vague fear in her heart, she went forth into the street to ingirire. One of the first men she met was Sifton, who was sitting, as usual, that he had come to them at his most outside the livery barn door, smiling, inefficient, content. Of him she asked, "Have you seen Mr. Cavanagh?"

> "Yes," he answered; "I saw him yesterday, just after dinner, down at the postoffice. He was writing a letter at the desk. Almost immediately afterward he mounted and rode away. He was much cut up over his chief's dismissal."

"Why has he not written to me," she asked herself, "and why should be have gone away without a word of greeting, explanation or goodby? It would have taken but a moment's time to call at the door."

The more she dwelt upon this neglect the more significant it became. After the tender look in his eyes, after the ardent clasp of his hand, the thought that he could be so indifferent was at once a source of pain and self reproach.

With childish frankness she went to Lize and told her what she had learn. voice was gentler than it had ever

her provided with toll tones beed to bles. The came to firm and wint away back to his seria as heat supring to plain his position to Lite. "You don't

"Are you were he's her a few of "Yes He can be at many lorgers but For putag to reform If I had a ar the period to sales outs affilia Lee Vergine to the up to 191 Becare and sak for MOTT'S NERVEappointment and office working his largest up usually Cavenage. I'm read-Enter stress that one is fitting provided to pross the line Applica for this other forms and the contract of t \*\*Rent country of order to be a first of the first to the



SHE BURIED HER PACE IN THE COVERLET. buried her face in the coverlet of her mother's bed and wept in childish grief

Lize was forced to acknowledge that the ranger's action was inexplicable, watch over her. I'd be glad enough to but she did her best to make light of play the scullion in her kitchen. But it. "He may have hurried to town on some errand and hadn't a moment to spare. These are exciting days for going to leave her right here. I can't him, remember. He'll be in tomorrow sure.

With a faint hope of this the girl rose and went about her daily tasks, out word or sign of the recreant lover. and each day brought a deeper sense of loss, but her pride would not permit her to show her grief.

Young Gregg, without knowing in the least the cause of her troubled face, took this occasion to offer comfort. His manner toward her had changed place. Let us go tomorrow." management of the eating house, and for that reason she did not repulse him as sharply as she had been wont to

as she was passing him in the hall, ' ed. "It's better for her and better for can see you're worried about Lize-I me that I should do so. I'm going mean your mother—and if I can be of any use I hope you'll call on me." As she thanked him without enthus)

"I think she's better." "Can I see her?"

His tone was so earnest that the girl was moved to say, "I'll ask her." "I wish you would. I want to say something to her."

Lize's voice reached where they stood. "Come in, Joe; the door's He accepted her invitation rather

awkwardly, but his face was impassive as he looked down upon her. "Well, how about it?" she asked. What's doing in the town?"

"Not much of anything except talk. The whole country is buzzing over this

dismissal of the chief forester. "They'd better be doing something

about that murder.' "They are. They're going up there in streams to see where the work was done. The coroner's inquest was held yesterday." He grinned. "'Parties came to their death by persons un-

Lize scowied. "It's a wonder they don't charge it up to Ross Cavanagh

or some other ranger." "That would be a little too raw, even for this country. They're all feeling gay over this change in the for- of matrimony at 8 o'clock at the estry head. But, see here, don't you want to get out for a ride? I've got my new machine out here. It rides

kind," she replied darkly. "If you could take me up to Cavanagh's cabin I'd go," she added. "I want to see

"I can take you part way." he instantly declared. "But you'd have to ride a borse the last ten miles." "Couldn't do it, Joe," she sighed.

"These last few days I've been about as boneless as an eel. Funny the way a fellow keeps going when he's got something to do that has to be done.

I'll tell you what, if you want to take me and Lee up to Sulphur I'll go you." "Sure thing. What day?" "Not for a day or two. I'm not quite

up to it just now, but by Saturday I'll be saddlewise again." Joe turned joyously to Lee. "That

will be great! Won't you come out for a spin this minute?" For a moment Lee was tempted. Anything to get away from this horrible little den and the people who in-

fested it was her feeling, but she distrusted Gregg, and she knew that every eye in the town would be upon her if she went, and, besides, Ross might return while she was away. "No; not today," she replied . ally, but her

The young fellow was moved to exthink much of the, and I don't blance you I heren't then much use so for. to prove then by. Applican for this other topeliness with the block was the this best of a bid. finding him is not. But he's a tique-THE SAME COURSE WHICH THE MANY HER DR. THESE PARTY IN THE PROPERTY AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY AND on large trouble, and I don't when he we have a many but a done that the to had been for the gra-Pur point to earn a five a fact that the purpose of the control of the respective of the control of the "Blood he many who borned them

> Shoen herders PON equipme to growns, but bill't pre-Ber to ker to . Ton- See Chat old ; Basque who was filled was a nonope-The too. He went after that make without ashing any budy's leave. Moreeven he belonged to that Mexicandigo outfit that everybody lastes. The old man isn't cryibur over that job; if'a money in his pocket. All the same, It's too good a chance to put the hooks nto the cattlemen; hence his offering a reward, and it looks as if something would really be done this time. They say Nelll Ballard was mixed up in it and that old guy that showed me the sheep. But I don't take much stock in that. Whoever did it was paid by the cattlemen, sure thing." The young fellow's tone and bearing made a favorable impression upon Lize. She had never seen this side of him, for the reason that he had hitherto treated her as a bartender. She was acute enough to understand that her social status had changed along with her release from the cash register, and she was slightly more reconciled, although she could not see her way to providing a living for herself and Lee. For all these reasons she was unwontedly civil to Joe and sent him away highly elated with the success of his inter-

"I'm going to let him take us up to Sulphar," she said to Lee. "I want to go to town."

Lee was silent, but a keen pang ran through her heart, for she perceived in this remark by her mother a tacit acknowledgment of Ross Cavanagh's desertion of them both. His invitation to them to come and camp with him was only a polite momentary impulse. "I'm ready to go," she announced at last. "I'm tired of this

# ALL MY PIMPLES GONE

Girl Tells How a Blotchy Skin Was Cleansed By a Simple Wash.

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Minnie Pickard of Altamahaw, N. C. "It was all full of pimples and to permit any familiarity.

"See here, Miss Virginia," he cried scription I can say that now there is three years ago."

D. D. has become so famous as a cure and instant relief in Eczema and all other serious skin diseases, that its value is sometimes overlooked in clearing up rash, pimples, blackheads, and all other minor forms of skin impurities.

The fact is, that while D. D. 1s so penetrating that it strikes to the very root of Eczema or any other seri-ous trouble, the soothing Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol and other ingredients are so carefully compounded there is no wash for the skin made that can compare with this great household remedy for every kind of skin trouble.

D. D. is pleasant to use, perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin, and absolutely reliable. A 25-cent bottle will give you positive proof of the wonderful effectiveness of this impossible to walk in the sand. great remedy.

J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

# Teer-Belt.

On last Wednesday, June 7th, Mr. Everritt Teer and Miss Retha Belt, both of Salem neighborhood, will write again. With much love were united in the holy bonds and best wishes for the Recordhome of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Belt, one-half mile south of Salem. The bride is a "I reckon a hearse is about my beautiful and attractive young lady surrounded by many friends, Cough Remedy," writes Mrs. T. B. while the groom is the oldest son Kendrick, Rasaca, Ga. "It is the best of Curtis Teer and is a prosperous cough remedy on the market for young farmer, which any one coughs, colds and crosp." For sale should be proud of.

May their walk together on earth be long and full of joy and happiness is the wish of the writ-

-A FRIEND.

# Asthma! Asthma!

POPHAM'S ASTHMA REMEDY gives instant relief and an absolute cure in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever. Sold by druggists; mail on receipt of price \$1.00. Trial Package by mail 10 cents
Williams M'f'g. Co., Props. Cleveland, Ohio. Sold only by J. H. Orme.

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey For Coughs and Colds.

When you feel discouraged, contired, worried or despondent it is a sure sign you need MOTT'S NERVE-RINE PILLS. They renew the normal vigor and make life worth living, gosta, -Withams MTg. Co., Propa, Cieveland, Onto. Sold only by J. H.

AUTOM DIANT LE MEN VION

Nation Sunday. Milke Ada Carrieto Ruby barrer Texic Wheeler, Messts. Julia Buston, Hurbert Fisher. called on Miss Mayine Cook Sun-

ero wasked the land wing W. B.

day evening. Mrs. O. King visited her sister, Mrs. Lifa Cook, Sunday.

Now, say, you ought to hear Mt. Zion choir sing. They sure come to the point.

While returning home from church Saturday night Lawrence Lucas' horse ran away and broke up his buggy. Oh, what a time "Slats" does have.

Plenty of well-filled baskets at Mt. Zion Sunday. We wish to thank the children for the fine

pieces which they recited. Miss Ora Carrick spent the day

with Miss Ruby Moore Tuesday. Hope we may see many more Children's Days like the one Sunday. The writer sure spent a joyful day at Mt. Zion Sunday,

For fear this will not escape the waste basket I will ring off and come again.

# WANTED CORN

Until further notice we will give 55cts. for white corn shucked and delivered at our mill. MARION MILLING Co.

# A Letter From East Prairie, Mo.

East Pairie, Mo., June 8, 1911. -Dear Editor-As I have left my dear old home in Kentucky, I will attempt to write a few lines to

the dear old Record-Press. I left Marion on the four o'clock train Saturday, May 27, 1911, and arrived at East Prairie Sunday about the same time. Had a right pleasant trip and made lot of new friends and as this was my second trip I met lot of old friends

here. The only thing I can say of any importance about this country now is that it is hot and dry. A little shower of rain fell Monday night, the first in nearly six weeks. Until then it was nearly

Wheat harvesting is the order the day now. The crops look fines very fine, considering the dry weather. There are between 400 and 600 acres of cotton planted around here this year.

For fear of the waste basket I will close. If this is in print I Press and the dear old Kentucky Yours sicerely, people.

GRACE WALKER.

"Our baby cries for Chamberlain's by all dealers.

# Babies' Fatal Malady

"Doctor, my baby sucks his fists continually. What is the matter with him?" "Madame, he has an advanced case of cheirophagy." "Mercy, shrieked the woman in terror. What is chierophagy?" "Why Madame it is only a desire to suck his fists." -Toledo Blade.

# Eczema

Yields readily to Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve. You see an improvement after the first application. We guarantee it. It is clean and pleasant to use. 25 cents a box.